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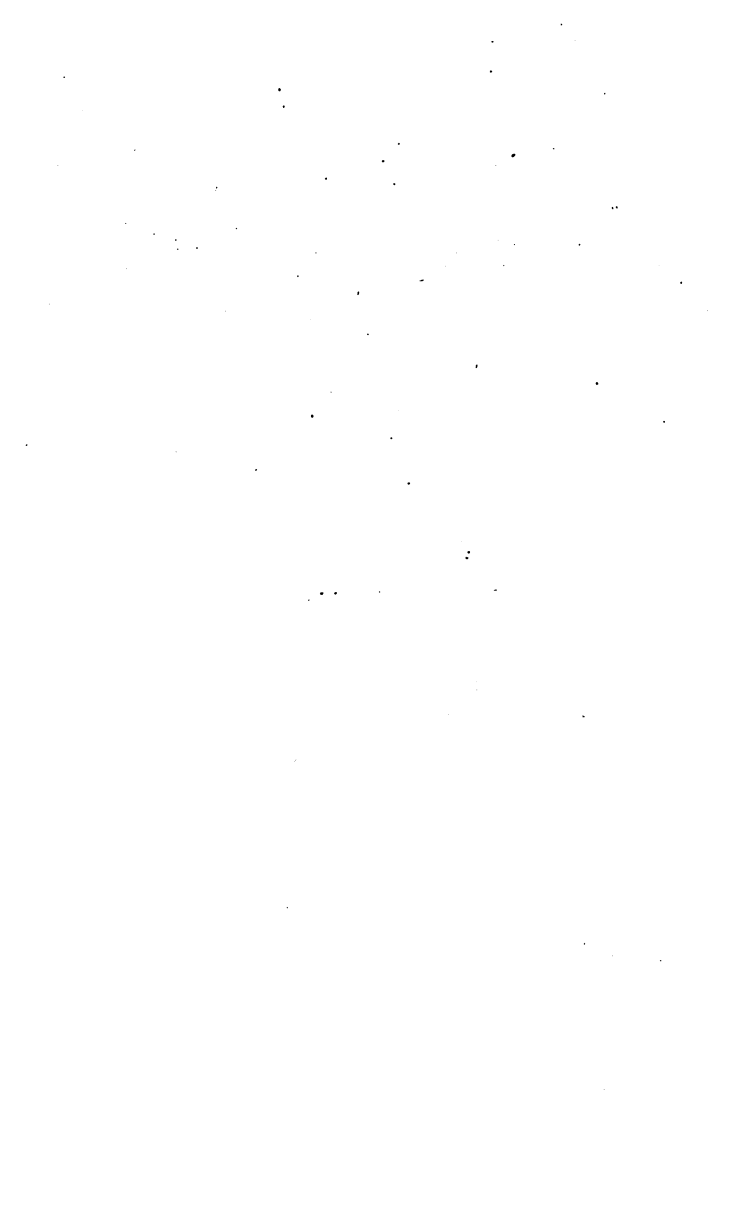
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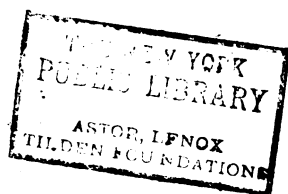


G



THE GERALDINE'S BRIDE.







DESMOND'S CASTLE, ADARE.

By thee, where once in eld the oak-ford stood,
And many a quaint old arch now spans the flood.

Canto 2, stanza 1.

THE GERALDINE'S BRIDE.

A Metrical Tale.

1

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

HISTORICAL NOTES.

BY

THOMAS GALLWEY, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF KILLARNEY LAKES."

You who call it dishonor
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her
And blush while you blame.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODY,

(*By the Feal's Wave.*)

DUBLIN:

HODGES, FOSTER & CO., GRAFTON ST.,

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1871.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE GERALDINES—STATUTE OF KILKENNY—BREHON
LAWS—OTTAVA RIMA.

It is related in the histories of the Desmond branch of the great Geraldine family that about the year 1410, Thomas, the sixth Earl of Desmond, was deprived of his title and estates and driven into exile in consequence of his marriage with the lovely Catherine M'Cormac, a daughter of a petty chieftain, one of the dependents on M'Carthy Mor, and that his uncle, Sir James of Desmond, succeeded to his lands and dignities. On this narrative Moore has founded the beautiful Irish melody, commencing:

Moore's
29th Dec. 1921

“By the Feal's wave benighted
Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.”

There is reason to suppose that there was a personage of great mental and benevolent dispositions, who by his sympathy with the poor and attention to the duties of his high office, had won the affections of the Irish, roused the jealousy of his Norman compeers, and excited the jealousy of the distant English monarch. The Earl of Kilkenny, passed in the year 1367, made a treaty for a Norman to ally himself in marriage with one of the mere Irish, and Sir James O'Connell, an intriguing and ambitious man, took advantage of this provision and the hostility of the Norman nobility and of the Crown, to banish his nephew and caused his banishment, where he was rumoured to have died in the year 1420. It should be added that

M'Cormac, the companion of his exile, was by her grace of form and mind, and uncommon loveliness, worthy of the passion she inspired and the sacrifice it entailed.

It is impossible to read, under the shadow of the Kerry mountains, the annals of Ireland during the 400 years succeeding the advent of the Normans in 1172, without being impressed with the air of wild romance which pervades them as a whole. The picture presented is that of a country parceled out into innumerable principalities, ruled by chiefs, among whom figured the Norman Barons, whose principal if not sole serious occupation was war. No central authority efficiently controls the petty rulers; the time is occupied in fighting and raiding; castles are built and fortified in all directions; monasteries are founded, and as often plundered and burnt to the ground, acts of the loftiest heroism and of degrading

barbarism alternate; in a word the period is one which calls forth in their most energetic form all the virtues as well as vices of which humanity is capable.

In reading the Irish and English chronicles of this period, though the general impression left by both is the same, there is this marked distinction, that in the former the prominent figures in the scene are the Irish chieftains, and in the latter the Norman Barons. Anyone desiring to test the soundness of the foregoing description may consult the annals of the Four Masters on the part of the Irish, and Marlborough and Ware on that of the English.

Among the Norman nobles who figured in these wild scenes, none gained a greater reputation than the Geraldines, or so indelibly impressed the history of this country. Sprung from a Florentine family, and tracing their descent

through the Welch Princess Nesta, they appear to have inherited a happy cosmopolitan temperament which enabled them to sympathise with the race among whom their destinies were cast; and to have become, especially the Desmond branch, more Irish than the Irish themselves. For centuries the Earls of Kildare and of Desmond filled the most conspicuous places in our annals. They were by turns the intimate friends of the king of England, and his most formidable foes. At times they were appointed to offices under the Crown, only to be consigned to the dungeon and the scaffold. They studded their vast possessions with castles and monasteries, and numbered among their ranks soldiers and statesmen, poets and philosophers. That their reputation was at an early period widespread beyond our insular limits is attested by the fact, that Ariosto selected their names for commemoration in the Orlando

Furioso, in that passage where Ruggiero descends from the back of Hippogriff to review the Duke of Lancaster's army on the banks of the Thames, and a description is given of the materials composing it.

“Or guarda gl' Ibernesei appresso il piano;
Sono due squadre, e il Conte de Childera
Mena la prima; il Conte di Desmond
Da fieri monti ha tratta la seconda.”

Canto 10, s. 87.

See where the Irish squadrons skirt the plain,
Two are there, of whom yon Earl of Kildare
Commands the first, and he the Earl of Desmond
Down from the savage hills leads on the second.

That their reputation is as enduring as it was wide-spread is attested by the spirited lines of the lamented Davis, which find an echo in the national heart.

“These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's
shock;
But ever, sure, while one is left of all that honored race,

In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place :
And though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and
town,

From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their renown,
And men would say of valour's rise, or ancient power's decline,
' 'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine ! ' ' "

T. Davis' National Ballads.

Though the period alluded to was marked by an absence of the continuous action of any great central controlling authority, there were not wanting occasional outbursts of power and energy on the part of the English rulers, which showed their strength, and indicated a settled policy. One of these exceptional epochs was signalised by the passing of the Statute, or series of Statutes, of Kilkenny in the year 1367. No words of reprobation are too strong to apply to this piece of legislation. It epitomises all that is related as baleful in the conduct of Russia to the Poles in modern times; it enacted a sentence of outlawry against the whole Irish people; it, for the first

time, placed a gulf between two races which has never since been bridged over; it has been over and over again confirmed and re-enacted by several Parliaments; it found a new form of expression in the penal laws of more modern times; it coloured to the present the relations between two peoples, and its pervading sentiment is still feebly echoed in the advertisements which occasionally meet the eye, announcing that "no Irish need apply."

Extraordinary to relate, no public record of this momentous Statute is to be found in this part of the United Kingdom. The rolls, whereon it was of record, have disappeared, and the authorised edition of the Statutes at large does not include it. However, Mr. James Hardiman having made a transcript from the miscellanies in the Lambeth Library, published in the year 1843, a complete copy of the Ordinances of which the

so-called Statute consists, with an introduction and notes, full of valuable information. From this work the following extracts are taken for the information of those who may not have access to the original.

The Statute of Kilkenny.* Ordinance 2nd:— Also, it is ordained and established that no alliance by marriage, gossipred, fostering of children, concubinage, or by amour, nor in any other manner, be henceforth made between the English and Irish of one part, or of the other part; and that no Englishman, nor other person being at peace, do give or sell to any Irishman, in time of peace or war, horses or armour, nor any manner of victuals in time of war; and if any shall do the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall have judgment of life and member, as a traitor to our lord the king.

* Hardiman's Tract, p. 9, et seq.

III. Also, it is ordained and established that every Englishman do use the English language, and be named by an English name, leaving off entirely the manner of naming used by the Irish; and that every Englishman use the English custom, fashion, mode of riding, and apparel according to his estate; and if any English, or Irish living among the English, use the Irish language amongst themselves, contrary to this Ordinance, and thereof be attainted, his lands and tenements, if he have any, shall be seized into the hands of his immediate lord, until he shall come to one of the places of our lord the king, and find security to adopt and use the English language, and then he shall have restitution of his said lands, by writ issued out of said places. In case that such person shall not have lands and tenements, his body shall be taken by any of the officers of our lord, the king, and committed to

the next gaol; there to remain, until he, or some other person in his name, shall find sufficient surety in manner aforesaid; and that no Englishman who shall have the value of one hundred pounds of land, or of rent by the year, shall ride otherwise than on a saddle in the English fashion; and if he shall do the contrary, and shall be thereof attainted, his horse shall be forfeited to our lord, the king, and his body shall be committed to prison until he pay a fine according to the king's pleasure for the contempt aforesaid: and also that beneficed persons of holy church living amongst the English shall use the English language; and if they do not, that their Ordinaries shall have the issues of their benefices until they use the English language in the manner aforesaid; and they shall have respite, in order to learn the English language, and to provide saddles, between this and the feast of Saint Michael next coming,

IV. Also, whereas diversity of government and different laws in the same land cause difference in allegiance and disputes among the people, it is agreed and established, that no Englishman, having disputes with any other Englishman, shall henceforth make caption, or take pledge, distress or vengeance against any other, whereby the people may be troubled, but that they shall sue each other at the common law; and that no Englishmen be governed in the termination of their disputes by March law nor Brehon law, which reasonably ought not to be called law, being a bad custom; but they shall be governed, as right is by the common law of the land, as liege subjects of our lord the king; and if any do the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall be taken and imprisoned, and adjudged as a traitor.

VI. Also, whereas a land which is at war requires that every person do render himself able to defend himself, it is ordained and established that the commons of the said land of Ireland who are in the different marches at war, do not henceforth use the plays which men call horlings, with great sticks and a ball upon the ground, from which great evils and maims have arisen, to the weakening of the defence of the said land, and other plays which men call coiting; but that they do apply and accustom themselves to use and draw bows, and throw lances, and other gentlemanlike games, whereby the Irish enemies may be better checked by the liege people and commons of these parts; and if any do or practise to the contrary, and of this be attainted, they shall be taken and imprisoned, and fined at the will of our lord, the king.

XIII. Also, it is ordained that no Irishman of the nations of the Irish be admitted into any Cathedral or Collegiate Church, by provision, collation, or presentation of any person, nor to any benefice of Holy Church, amongst the English of the land; and that if any be admitted, instituted, or inducted into such benefice, it shall be held void, and the king shall have the presentation of the said benefice for said avoidance, to whatsoever person the avowson of said benefice may belong.

XIV. Also, it is ordained and established that no religious house which is situate amongst the English shall henceforth receive any Irishmen to their profession, but may receive Englishmen, without taking into consideration whether they be born in England or Ireland, and that any that shall act otherwise, and thereof be attainted, their

temporalities shall be seized into the hands of our lord the king.


XV. And whereas the Irish agents who come amongst the English spy out the secrets, plans, and policies of the English, whereby great evils have often resulted, it is agreed and forbidden that any Irish agents—that is to say, pipers, story-tellers, babblers, rimers, mowers, nor any Irish agent, shall come among the English, and that no English shall receive or make gift to such; and that he that shall do so, and be attainted, shall be taken and imprisoned, as well the Irish agents as the English who receive or give them anything, and after that they shall make fine at the king's will; and the instruments of their agency shall forfeit to our lord the king.

XXXV. Also, our lord the Duke of Clarence,

lieutenant of our lord the king, in Ireland, and the council of our said lord the king, there, the earls, barons, and commons of the land aforesaid, at this present Parliament assembled, have requested the archbishops and bishops, abbots, priors, and other persons of religion, that they do cause to be excommunicated, and do excommunicate, the persons contravening the Statutes and Ordinances aforesaid, and the other censures of the Holy Church to fulminate against them, if any, by rebellion of heart, act against the Ordinances and Statutes aforementioned. And we, Thomas Archbishop of Duvelin, Thomas Archbishop of Cashel, John Archbishop of Thueme, Thomas Bishop of Lismore and Waterford, Thomas Bishop of Killalo, William Bishop of Ossorie, John Bishop of Leighlin, and John Bishop of Clon, being present in the same Parliament, at the request of our said most worthy lord the Duke

of Clarence, lieutenant of our lord the king in Ireland and the lords and commons aforesaid, passing over the time preceding, do fulminate sentences of ex-communication, and do excommunicate them by this present writing, we and each of us reserving absolution for ourselves and for our subjects if we should be in peril of death."

Such are some of the ordinances contained in the evil Statute of Kilkenny, which owed its enactment to the private pique or interested motives of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. This prince married the daughter and sole heiress of De Burgh, Earl of Ulster, and Lord of Connaught, commonly called the Red Earl. He repaired twice to Ireland as viceroy, in order to attempt the recovery of the large estates of his wife, which had been seized by the male relatives of the deceased earl. These latter, from one of whom the present Earl of Clanricard



is descended,—assuming the name of Mac Burke, and under shelter of alliances formed with native chieftains, and so-called degenerate English, foiled all the Duke's attempts. Hence to prevent a recurrence of similar incidents, or to avenge himself on those who had defeated his pretensions, he procured the enactment of the obnoxious statute, and inflicted a wound not yet cured on the relations between the two countries.

A reference to the code known as the Brehon laws, is naturally suggested by the Statute of Kilkenny, wherein the former is alluded to in terms of contempt and reprobation. Spencer thus describes that code: "It is a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth great show of equity in determining the rights between party and party, but in many things quite repugning both to God's law and man's:

as for example, in the case of murder, the Brehon, that is their judge, will compound between the murderer and the friends of the party murdered which prosecute the action, that the malefactor shall give unto them, or to the wife or child of him that is slain, a recompense which they call an eric."* Since Spencer wrote considerable light has been shed on the subject, to which he thus refers. In addition to other investigations, a commission issued from the crown in the year 1852, to certain eminent and learned personages, directing them to carry into effect the transcription and translation of the antient laws of Ireland. An instalment of this useful work was given in the publication within the last six years, of two volumes containing the original and translation of a great part of the Brehon law, the translation having been executed by the late

* Spencer edition, 1809, p. 6.

Doctor O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry. The work containing the laws is called *Senchus Mor*, and the introduction composed not later than the 10th century, explains fully the time, place, and occasion of the compilation. It appears from the particulars given, that St. Patrick, shortly after the conversion of the Irish monarch Leaghaire and his subjects to Christianity, induced them to submit the body of their laws to an examination, with a view to their modification in accordance with the precepts of the new religion. Accordingly what would now be called a commission issued to nine persons, three kings, three bishops, and three learned men, eminent respectively in poetry, philosophy, and knowledge of the antient dialect in which the laws of Ireland were then written. The whole body of the antient laws were then submitted to this august assembly, every rule and custom was examined

and carefully sifted ; all that was found repugnant to Christianity was expunged, and the remainder, thus purified and arranged, was promulgated as thenceforth the law binding on all Ireland. The pains bestowed on this work of revision and expurgation may be judged by the length of time spent in its completion.* It was commenced in 438, and completed in 441. The compilation was called *Senchus Mor*; *senchus* being derived from two words, signifying the law of the seniors; and it was denominated *mor*, or great, from its pre-eminent authority.† The compilation is also called *noſis*, which, according to Cormac's Glossary, means the knowledge of nine persons.‡ Popularly the code itself, as distinguished from the book in which it was written was called *cain* Patraic, or Patrick's law. Such is the well-ascertained and

* *Senchus Mor*, p. 15, et seq.

† *Senchus Mor*, pp. 31, 33.

‡ *Senchus Mor*, pp. 17, 19.

indubitable origin of the Brehon law, against the observance of which so many Archbishops and Bishops fulminate the sentence of excommunication in the last ordinance of the Kilkenny statute. It appears from the foregoing statement that Spencer was mistaken in describing the Brehon law as a rule of right unwritten; on the contrary, it was a code of law carefully transcribed, and jealously guarded against interpolation or corruption. In the introduction before alluded to the following statement occurs: "This is cain Patraic (Patrick's law), and no human Brehon of the Gaedhil is able to abrogate anything that is in the Senchus Mor."* It contains also the subjoined very remarkable passage: "Now the judgments of true nature, which the Holy Ghost had spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and past poets of the men of Erin, from the first

* Senchus Mor, p. 19.

occupation of this island, down to the reception of the faith, were all exhibited by Dubhtach to Patrick. What did not clash with the Word of God in the written law and the New Testament, and in the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons by Patrick, and by the ecclesiastics and chieftains of Erin ; for the law of nature had been quite right except the faith and its obligations, and the harmony of the church and people. And this is the *Senchus Mor*.* A study of the laws already published will convince the impartial student that the foregoing picture is not overdrawn. The laws regulating distress, (by which contracts and reparation for injuries were enforced,) social relations, (such as those of husband and wife, parent and child), and part of the laws regulating the relations of the chief or landlord with the members of the

* *Senchus Mor*, p. 19.

tribe in occupation of the tribal lands, are comprised in the two volumes already published; and it may be safely averred that they breathe a spirit of justice and equity in regard to rights and remedies for wrong, and of impartiality in respect of all Irishmen, that may bear comparison even with very recent legislation. As to Spencer's censure, it is to be remembered that what he considers a blot, was only an early development of the doctrine of those who, on principle, are at this day opposed to capital punishment; whilst the practice of awarding compensation to the next of kin of a murdered man, known as the Brehon law, has been quite recently adopted by our own Parliament. It should not, however, be forgotten when we inquire into the impression made upon the civilization of the people by this carefully prepared and purified code of law, that about two centuries after its promulgation, came

the Danish invasion which suspended all law and order for a period of nearly 300 years; and that after no long interval subsequent to the battle of Clontarf, succeeded the Norman invasion, which again postponed the operation of peaceful agencies for, I dare not say, how many centuries. So that in truth though the Brehon law may be said to have been the common law prevailing among Irishmen in Ireland up to the reign of James I., when it was abrogated by Act of Parliament, it never had a fair field for the exercise of its legitimate influence in moulding the habits and character of the people. It will be most deplorable if any circumstances are allowed to interfere with the publication of that portion of these laws which has not yet seen the light, and which is necessary in order to the completion of the work intrusted to the Commissioners.

To return to the point whence I started, it

always appeared to me that the incident in the history of the Geraldines with which this introduction opens, the period when it occurred, the events and characters connected with it, formed a fitting theme for poetry. Under the influence of this feeling I sketched the following short metrical tale with the title of "The Geraldine's Bride." The metre which I have selected as a vehicle for my attempt is that used by Shelly in the "Witch of Atlas," and by Keats in his pathetic tale of Isabella. With reference to its capabilities I hope to be excused for quoting the following interesting passage translated from a letter of Schiller contained in notes of the poet's life appended to the collected edition of his works published at Stutgard in 1838:—

"The idea of writing an epic poem upon some
"remarkable action of Frederick II., is not to be
"rejected; only it comes six or eight years too

“early for me. The difficulties which arise from
“the nearness of the subject to modern times,
“and the apparent unsuitableness of the epic form
“to a contemporary object, would not frighten
“me so much. An epic poem in the eighteenth century must be a very different thing
“from one in the childhood of the world. And
“it is just that which attracts me so much in this
“idea. Our customs, the most subtle odour of
“our philosophies, of our laws, of our domestic
“life, arts—in short all must be embodied therein
“in an unstudied manner, and live in a beautiful
“harmonious freedom, as in the Iliad all the
“branches of Greek culture, &c., intuitively live.
“I am also not averse to seek for a machinery,
“for I should wish to comply to the letter with
“all the conditions laid down for epic poets with
“respect to form. This machinery, however,
“which seems to present the greatest difficulty,

“ the subject-matter being so modern and the age
“ so prosaic, can heighten the interest in a great
“ degree, if it be adapted to this modern spirit.
“ Ideas on the subject are rushing confusedly
“ through my brain, but something clear will come
“ out of them. But you will scarcely guess the
“ metre I should choose. No other than *ottava*
“ *rima*. All others, except iambics, are repugnant
“ to me, and how gracefully would the solemn,
“ the elevated, play in such light fetters! How
“ much would the epic subject gain by the tender,
“ sweet form of beautiful rhymes! One must be
“ able to sing it, as the Greek peasants the Iliad,
“ and Venetian Gondoliers verses of the Jeru-
“ salem Delivered. I have also reflected on the
“ epoch in the life of Frederick which I should
“ select. I should desire some very disastrous
“ situation from which his genius should extri-
“ cate him in a most poetical way. The principal

“action should, if possible, be very simple and
“little involved, in order that the whole may
“always be easily surveyed, although the episodes
“might be numerous. I should therefore always
“present to view therein his whole life and his
“age. There is no better model for this than the
“Iliad.”

Should anything I have written in prose or
verse be the means however remote of sug-
gesting to some one qualified for the task, the
composition of such a poem as shall illustrate
the history of the period referred to in this intro-
duction, I shall not have written altogether in
vain.

T. G.

Killarney, 29th Sept., 1871.

THE GERALDINE'S BRIDE.⁽¹⁾



C A N T O I.



I.

THE morning sun had filled with golden light
A close-screened garden laden with perfume,
With dew-drops spangled o'er, and shining bright
With vernal gift of many-tinted bloom,
Save where the poplar's overtopping height
Cast on the turf the shadow of its gloom;
All else within the garden fair had on
The glorious livery of the morning sun.

II.

Throughout, not inartistically placed,

Were beds and banks of flowers of kinds not rare,
But chosen for the scent and hue which graced,

In thanks for life, the bounteous earth and air.
The moss-rose and the pink, the double-faced

Wall-flower and lily of the vale were there,
Wild thyme from mountains where it native grew,
And royal ferns that throve beneath the yew.

III.

A murmuring brook beside the garden ran,

Warbling in cadence sweet a ceaseless song
That chimed in concord with the heart of man,

Whether it beat with busy schemes that throng
The politician's brain, or thoughts that scan

The universal frame, or soar among
The starry spheres companioned by the nine,
Or tempt a higher flight to essences divine.

IV.

A rustic cottage crowned this garden fair
Which gently sloped to meet the warbling brook,
And, far from all resort, a human pair,
Childhood and age, had sought this quiet nook ;
And now the old man's form and silver hair
Bend o'er the fairy maiden's upturned look ;
And he, once foremost in the world's fierce strife,
Now twines his heart-strings round this opening life.

V.

Passion and impulse, and the keen delight
Of sense, had once been his by birth and blood,
His too a clear perception of the right,
And worship of the beautiful and good ;
And intellectual force, and keen insight
Through being, and a strength of will that could
Rule all but his own heart, and this in vain
He strove to bind—it would not brook the chain.

VI.

Courage he had too, of that common sort

Which charges barricades and battery—

A venture taken in the last resort

When martial strains evoke hell's revelry—

And of that nobler kind which scorns retort

Of insult foul, or ill for injury;

For to his deeming did the prize belong

To him who suffered, not who did the wrong.

VII.

All shams, pretence, and mystery he loathed,

And squint suspicion eating life away,

And phrases fine in which projectors clothed

The barbéd hook to fix it in the prey;

Hypocrisy in worship to him showed

Most like the sin that bids all hope away;

Gentle he was to all in word and deed

And never failed a friend in time of need.

VIII.

When erst he was a ruler in the land,
Ere yet his tree of life was in the sear,
And every sense could narrow or expand,
To drink in pleasure from afar or near,
His joy was on the mountain top to stand
And view the limitless expanse, and hear
The far off clarion winding soft and sweet,
Or rolling ocean booming at his feet;

IX.

Or from some pinnacle, which like a wedge
Cleft the clear bosom of the outer air,
To see on either hand the sharp thin ledge,
Old earth's primeval skeleton laid bare,
Unrobed, uncoffined, and beside the edge—
As might beseem the promptings of despair—
To plumb the abyss or—the storm-cloud rolled by—
Start to behold some tall cliff looming nigh;

X.

But chief the deep unclouded vault of heaven—
The morning sun just risen on the verge—
Or in the zenith, at the close of even,
The lonely moon reflected from the surge;
A sight not often to these climates given,
But when it came his being all would merge
In vision of a realm beyond the ken
And lower range of grossly-minded men.

XI.

Ever as he clomb the mountain's dizzy height
Beside him went a fashioner divine,
Who made all objects of the ear and sight
In forms of grace and loveliness combine,
And robed them all in hues of rainbow light,—
The sweetest spirit of the spherèd Nine;
Lost are his lays, but in the wreck of time
Now feebly sounds the imitative rhyme.

Song.

THERE are spirits in the air,
And a voice throughout the sky,
And a presence everywhere
On the heart and the eye.

YON, called the god of day,
Is but image of the light,
That with uncreated ray
Cleaves the depths of the night.

And the torrent, as it leaps,
Weaves the many-tinted bow,
And the hope of heaven keeps
In the vale down below.

And the balmy breath of spring
Is the incense of the earth,
Wafted up on seraph's wing
To the place of its birth.

XII.

He loved, I said, the beautiful and good ;
 Good brought him joy, but beauty ecstasy ;
And when, as once he strayed in pensive mood,
 A fairy form he met with soft blue eye,
And golden tresses reaching where she stood,
 Veiling fair limbs of faultless symmetry,
He saw his young heart's queen, the first enthroned,
Through weal and woe the last to be disowned.

XIII.

A fawn against the sky-line all alone,
 Gazing to windward from the summit high
Of some tall cliff, o'er which the deep-mouthed tone,
 Slow and sonorous, of the hound rolls by,
Is not more graceful than the maid with zone
 And tresses unconfined limned on the sky,
As once at eve she roamed the mountain wild
In spring of life, M'Cormac's lovely child.

XIV.

On this same eve the Earl—for such was he
And lord of regal Desmond—⁽²⁾ chanced to stray
Thus far afield from his gay companie,
Companions in the chase through all the day,
And clomb the wide-scoped hill intent to see
The splendor of the dying day's decay,
And golden life go down below the surge,
His wont at eve when near the mountain's verge;

XV.

He saw it sink full-orbed below the sea,
And looked upon the blaze until it grew
To mellower tint, and on the canopy
Viewed one by one the pale stars peering through;
When like some fair embodied phantasy,
Or emanation from the silver dew,
Sweet Catherine came who, when his gaze she met,
Made him the stars and all things else forget.

XVI.

She sprung from lineage high once known to fame,
And traced the fountain of her blood to those
Who ruled the land before the Norman came
And doomed it to unutterable woes,
Famine and pestilence, the sword and flame,
The potent weapons of a nation's foes,—
One joy now cheered the fallen chieftain's lot
This rose of Sharon blooming near his cot ;

XVII.

For she was formed in that ethereal mould
Of perfect womanhood, wherein the mind,
And heart, and soul, with store of wealth untold
Of natural gifts, are intimately joined,
Though never doth the forming hand unfold
Such types in creatures of the sterner kind;
Thus she, all rays of beauty in her blent,
Moved a bright star, and carolled as she went,

Catherine's Song.

OVER the hills, at twilight hour,
I roam towards the mighty sea;
With the starry cope for my vesper bower,
And my heart, O God! towards thee.

The balmy breath of evening air,
The cloudless vault above,
Wake on my lips the voice of prayer,
In my heart the chord of love.

O love! that I might dwell with thee!
Where thou art the first and last,
Where faith and hope have ceased to be
And the present veils the past.

XVIII.

Did never nightingale her love-lorn plaint
To listening night's enraptured ear impart
More sweetly, than the maid from all constraint
Removed, poured forth her innocent pure heart,
The yearnings for, and shadows dim and faint
Of scenes wherefrom at birth she sunk apart;
Nor deemed her tones would catch a Desmond's ears
To make the key-note of his after years.

XIX.

A household phrase in merry English land,
And not uncommon in our own green isle,
"No Irish need apply," bespeaks the brand
Of foreign foes intent by force or guile
To win; as though some Pharaoh should command
The sun-loosed waters of the bounteous Nile
To scale the mountains whence the streams were riven
And turn again to ice in face of heaven.

XX.

That race has knocked full oft at honor's door
And gained admittance to its starry dome;
Some walk with robes unstained the gold-paved floor
Of new Jerusalem; some gained a home
Amid the world's Walhalla; and the power
To rule o'er self has been the gift of some,—
That race which, cradled near the rising sun,
Now where he sets still gloriously lives on.

XXI.

The phrase is modern, but the thought is old
And uttered once at sea without alloy
What time the signals from the flag ship told
The van to waste, sack, burn and destroy;⁽³⁾
Curt words which made the warmest blood run cold
In those who sat at ease with home-spun joy;
For to the fighting foe or subject nation
These few words simply mean extermination.

XXII.

The thought, howe'er it be expressed in word,
Is fathered by the pride of race, and hate
Of those who have been foully wronged, or stirred
By conscious fear of some impending fate;
Whate'er the cause the Saxons' laws averred⁽⁴⁾
With Irish maid no Norman blood should mate;
E'en so the pair whom craft of state would sever
Now twilight on the lone hill brought together.

XXIII.

They met, and thro' the gloaming each beheld
A second self, the shadow of the soul
That outlooked from the other. They had held,
Though far apart, two courses to one goal;
He with the stars, she with the flowers a-field
Had communed, both as parts of the great whole;
But whilst thus far apart they seemed to move,
They trod the by-paths on the way to love.

Desmond to Catherine.

COME away, sweet love, with me,
To the bridal bower;
Long ago prepared for thee,
When at midnight hour
I dreamed of the flower,
My waking spirit despaired to see.

Yes, come to the marble halls,
Beside the river;
'Tis the voice of hymen calls:
No force shall ever
His gold chain sever,
Whatever in court or camp befalls.

Nay deem not that thy sire
Shall sit alone,
Or the light of his home expire
When thou art gone;
It will shine as it shone
With a ray of still intenser fire.

By the ford of the old oak tree
I wove the bower
Love consecrates to thee;
There be thy power,
With beauty's dower,
To shed love's light on thy sire and me.

XXIV.

True to his heart, thus wooed the Norman Lord
A fair young daughter of the subject race;
He that did rule her kindred by the sword
Yields himself captive to her matchless grace;
What tho' the laws forbid, see heaven's award
Speaks from her eyes and lightens from her face.
State-craft and pride and e'en sectarian hate
Bow lowly down in beauty's halls of state.

XXV.

State-craft and pride composed the Norman's train

With him who led them on, Plantagenet;

The hate leaped full-armed from the Tudor's brain

With poisoned arrows in its quiver set;

A monster, one-eyed, formless, gaunt and lean,

Religion's ape, which makes some men forget

Their place of birth, and all religion's aim—

To yield us pure as at the first we came.

XXVI.

The Desmond wooed and won his fair young bride,

Ere yet that demon of sectarian hate,

Combined with Norman craft and Norman pride,

Poisoned the life-blood of the nascent state;

And gave to faction's minions power to ride

Rough-shod o'er good and trample on the great;

And Desmond bore this fair forbidden flower

In laws' despite to his enchanting bower.

XXVII.

His palace high⁽⁶⁾ o'erlooked a wide champaign
Which sluggish-winding Maigne⁽⁶⁾ coursed slowly thro'
In groups, or singly scattered o'er the plain,
Are spreading oaks and immemorial yew ;
Pines that might serve to stem the stormy main,
And silver-shafted beech of twofold hue ;
Throughout the pastures green, and shady grove
Untended herds in wildest freedom rove.

XXVIII.

In that fair landscape stretching far a-field
Mark too the frequent grey monastic pile,
Retreat for whoso ceased the sword to wield,
Or sunned himself no more in beauty's smile,
Or him whose kinder destiny revealed
That heaven on earth, a bosom without guile—
In war's wild waste, whate'er the moderns deem,
Bright spots they were, bedewed by many a stream

XXIX.

Streams that sprung up from wells of holy thought,
Aspirings high, and pure philosophy
Which contemplation to the surface brought,
With truth that doth i'th' bottom mostly lie;
There air-drawn fancies vanish into nought
And honour's bubble into vacancy;
The Geraldines from Italy had come
And raised them up to memorize their home.

XXX.

From Florence,⁽⁷⁾ stamped as fair on every page,
Came first the Geraldines; with Teuton race
Then mixed; and onward faring, at next stage
With Norman wed; and at the next embrace
The Celtic Nesta closed the pilgrimage;
Through her the noble Geraldine must trace
The golden stream of life, which thread-like ran,
Refined, untarnished, on from man to man.

XXXI.

All other foreign parts, that went to make
The serviceable whole, were but alloys;
The unadulterated gold did take
Its rise in Florence, nor could ought destroy
The bright effulgence trailing in their wake
Like sweet remembrances of by-gone joy.
Their noblest here, in far Adare, have slept
Beneath the cloister; some have knelt and wept.

XXXII.

A noble stock of large and liberal heart
Among a conquering or a conquered race,
By nature fitted for the kingly part;
Their human sympathies did all embrace,
From whomso born to bear the load and smart,
To him by right of birth ycleped "your grace;"
All public law they deemed did then show best
When righting wrong and shielding the opprest.

XXXIII.

Oh ! deem it not a dream or fancy wild,
That, in this chequered world wherein we move,
A spark ethereal flies from sire to child
Through countless ages, which at each remove
Shines with a lustre purer and more mild,
And sheds around an atmosphere of love ;
Hence come the saviours, they who beckon back
The slaves of passion to a nobler track.

XXXIV.

And thus at intervals appear on earth
Rare beings, cast in true heroic mould,
Who seem to antedate their hour of birth,
And take the iron for the age of gold.
So deemed a later age of Desmond's worth,
Where'er the story of his life was told.
Posthumous glory is the purer, only
That pathway to the stars is rough and lonely.

XXXV.

Now forward with our theme—the first brief days
Of wedded love beheld their two young hearts
Die each to each,—but through love's quickening rays,
Revive one whole from two dissolvéd parts.
Neither her new estate nor splendour's blaze
Wrought change in her, although at times she starts
To find herself the centre of all eyes,
Some full of love, some gleaming with love's guise.

XXXVI.

The Desmond ruled the land⁽⁸⁾ from fair Lismore,
In days of old where Caura⁽⁹⁾ fixed the seat
Of true philosophy, by Avonmore⁽¹⁰⁾
Rolling his broad and brimming flood to meet
The Irish sea, to that far western shore
Crowned by the land of vision, from whose feet
Prophetic Brandon⁽¹¹⁾ sailed across the sea
To lands in fancy not yet deemed to be.

XXXVII.

Lismore and Brandon! names that shed a glory

Round the dim twilight of the far-off past,
Piercing the darkness through of Celtic story

With rays whose peaceful lustre doth outlast
The fields of slain, and rivers running gory.

Now o'er them time doth one fresh halo cast,
Thy towers, Lismore! Boyle⁽¹²⁾ lights with later ray,
And nations flock where Brandon led the way.

XXXVIII.

Such then the limits, where the Desmond ruled,

From east to west, which in their scope embraced
The castle by the Maigne, where Catharine schooled

Her heart, and many a pleasant region graced
By cloistered fanes, where the vexed spirit lulled

Its cares and self to rest ; the ocean traced
Through rock-bound coast, lone creek and winding bay,
The further limits of the Desmond's sway.

XXXIX.

The Desmond ruled the lands with sovereign rights,⁽¹⁾
Got from the fount of honour near the throne ;
The judge he made who law and fact unites,
To sift, perpend, and pass his judgment on ;
Armies he levied, and he dubbed him knights,⁽¹⁴⁾
Of Kerry, of the Glyn, and him who shone
With white device ; one stainless knight of these
Floats down time's stream, and sits beside the seas.

XL.

Among his acts was one the Desmond did
Which most becomes a king, but least a man,
An act that every subject would forbid
His rulers, but which rulers never can
Forego, however statesmen may outbid
Their rivals, and proclaim some heaven-sent plan,
For waging foreign war to save the nation
Without that bane of life, direct taxation.

XLI.

He levied in a most obnoxious way,
A tax called "Coigne and livery," names not found
In Adam Smith, Ricardo, Senior, Say,
Or Stewart Mill, by far the most profound
Of those who teach a nation how to pay
Its debts, or how the same it may compound.
Anglo-Irish the name, world-wide the thing,
It cuts the gordian knot, the purse's string.

XLII.

Uncouth the name, but racy of the soil
Based on the maxim "spend me but defend me."
As when the soldier, in a civic broil
On popular commotion, should befriend ye,
The fatted calf repays him for his toil;
(If not, the great unpaid would turn and rend ye).
Thus did the Desmond quarter on all farms,
Kerns, Gallowglasses, and his men-at-arms.

XLIII.

Who has not marked the gray square feudal tower
That guards each mountain gorge and promontory,
The hold of conquest at the height of power?
It characters in stone the island story
First writ in blood, and now, in desolate hour,
It points one moral more of human glory ;
The dark unerring finger-post of time,
Pointing to native strife and foreign crime.

XLIV.

O'er all the region the gray square tower stood
Like wary sentinel at watch and ward ;
On river-bend, on bluff crag o'er the flood,
On cone-like mound, whose bold relief or marred
The level plain, or over-looked the wood ;
As prompt to spring and couching like the 'pard,
'Gainst foe and rival rose the gray square tower,
The stay and emblem of the Desmond power.

XLV.

For he had foes ; among his kith and kin,
The Geraldine, Kildare's renowned lord,
And Lixnaw's baron bold ; then Inchiquin
Of Irish race, too prompt to draw the sword ;
Proud Ormond and Clanrickard quick to win,
With his marauding bands, the spoils' reward ;
Whilst cold suspicion from the throne did fling
Its shadow o'er this little less than king.

XLVI.

Friends too he made among that Celtic race
He loved and ruled ; the hot blood in their veins
Beat time with his ; their intellectual grace ;
Their sorrows shrined in music's saddest strains ;⁽¹⁵⁾
Their love of war ; their rapture in the chase ;⁽¹⁶⁾
Their very fretting at the galling chains
They wore—by these, in strife of race renewed,
The Norman victor was himself subdued.

XLVII.

“ More Irish than the Irish ”⁽¹⁷⁾ did express
The sweet amenities of social life,
The softening mood, the winning gentleness
That followed fast the bitterness of strife,
And made the gulph 'twixt slave and master less,
And, had the lust of power allowed, was rife
With glorious promise of a golden age,
A blended people's two-fold heritage.

XLVIII.

“ More Irish than the Irish,”—words of scorn
Spoke by some craving minion of the great,
Whose sword was still unfleshed, to whom the turn
Was next to come to better his estate
By carving princedoms from this land forlorn,
Whose customs ranked with treason to the state,
And where to wed a daughter of the land,
Was stamped by Norman law with rebel brand.

XLIX.

Five hundred years ago thus fared the time

Within the Desmond's bounds, when he the Earl,
Feeding his heart with thoughts and scenes sublime,

Chanced on what first he deemed a phantom girl
Charming the air with sweetly warbled rhyme—

McCormick's lovely child, love's mountain pearl ;
And bore her to the oak-ford⁽⁶⁾ by the river,
Where Maigne rolled by, but love was knit for ever.



C A N T O I I .

I.

WHOE'ER would gaze upon the past, and trace
 Its storied links through records old and rare
(Which spoiler's hand can now no more efface
 Since fenced with something of a lover's care),⁽¹⁹⁾
Well pleased may search the relics of a race
 That grew, lived, perished, sadly sweet Adare
By thee, where once in eld the oak-ford stood,
And many a quaint old arch now spans the flood.

II.

There by the margin of the silvery tide,
Close to the antique bridge the castle stands,
Of Desmond named through all the country side,
Still bearing on its furrowed brow the brands
And scars of conflict in its day of pride,
When issued forth the iron-plated bands.
Now ivy-draped it tells this latter day
Of life, thought, men and manners passed away.

III.

A thousand and a thousand times yon wall,
Where now no sound e'er stirs the ivy leaf,
Has echoed to the loud defying call,
The shout of triumph and the wail of grief;
In those wild days when strife was all in all,
When sudden the affray and shriving brief,
And Ormond, Thomond, Desmond and Kildare
Warred to the knife and knew not how to spare.

IV.

Through yonder arch, beneath the central tower—

Whose sole use now to let the sun-beams in
And glad the lonely courts for one short hour—

In days of old, when pause in battle's din,
Or more precarious peace vouchsafed the power
To cross the moat, came pouring from within
A motley crew, on various sports intent,
Some hurled the spear and some the long bow bent.

V.

Some led out hounds,⁽²⁰⁾ the noblest of their kind

E'er preyed on wolf or ran a deer to bay,
Swift, strong and fearless as the rushing wind,

Deep-mouthed, large-limbed, shaggy, wierd and grey,
A breed that left all other lands behind,

As though here fashioned from some finer clay.
Some issued forth a quarry for their quest,
Goshawk or falcon hooded on the wrist.

VI.

Thus tracing back five hundred years ago,
The mental vision peoples o'er again
The antique arch with farers to and fro ;
English and Irish, Norman and the Dane,⁽²¹⁾
Of various garb and speech ; of Danish though
There then were few, and now do none remain ;
Long beards and beardless lips might then be seen
And saffron smocks, and coats of Lincoln green.

VII.

In some such time of peace or lull of war,
To halls beside the oak-ford Desmond bore
His fairy bride, a bright particular star,
Yet never but in fancy seen before ;
Now quick ascending love's triumphant car
By winged coursers drawn, he straight did soar
To that high sphere wherein the bright star shone,
And turned its beams upon himself alone.

VIII.

The Earl, to use a quaint proverbial phrase,

Was born before his time, which means the same
As who should say "if in these latter days

"The Earl had lived, he had inscribed his name
"Among the winners of the meed of praise
"That waits on service done their country's fame;
"But fell his lot upon an evil time
"When forcemade right and virtue proved a crime."

IX.

His upright mind and pure was prompt to see

The righteous course, intricate tho' the case.
And seeing it, he willed that it should be,

E'en when the scale against the Norman race
Inclined, for he from faction's venom free,

Encompassed all mankind in his embrace;
And thus it chanced that clouds began to lower
O'er him who used, but ne'er abused his power

X.

Anger, suspicion, and the lurking fear
That dogs dominion, based on force alone,
Slowly but surely gathered in his near
Of kin; and flashed like lightning from the throne.
High placed Carew,⁽²²⁾ the lord of mark and mere,
Proud Butler and Fitzmaurice thought as one,
In deeming it rank treason to the State
That Norman lord with Irish blood should mate.

XI.

Yet was she lovely as the fairest dame
That e'er in tournament adjudged the prize
To true knight carving out his way to fame,
By devoir done in honor of bright eyes.
She for a nation might have done the same,
And cast a halo round its destinies;
The scales well-poised in heaven one moment stood,
Fate touched the beam, the scroll is writ in blood.

XII.

Amongst the kinsmen of the earl was one
The dearest to his heart, and present heir
To all his wide domains, than whom the sun
Saw none in all his course more apt to dare
The worst of deeds, if ill were to be done;
More hard, if question were the weak to spare;
More circumspect to hide from others' eye
His long planned schemes in deepest mystery.

XIII.

Sir James of Desmond was this uncle's name,
His charge to guard the castle of the isle,⁽²³⁾
A stronghold vast, and bound to keep the same
For his liege-lord—his lord devoid of guile,
And little deeming that ambition's aim
Or treason lurked beneath a kinsman's smile—
His, too, to watch the mountain, lake, and dell,
Where freedom lingered ere she bade farewell.

XIV.

Yes! freedom, based upon the unfettered right
To customs, laws, and language all their own,
The heir-looms of the race, and knit by might
Of immemorial use, sat on her throne
Of mountains, as if loath to disunite
The links that bound her to the ages gone,
Or quit her haunts beside the torrent's roar
Or ocean booming 'gainst the rock-bound shore.

XV.

There did the castle of the island stand
To guard the wilds where Desmond ceased to reign,
From where Slieveluachra's⁽²⁴⁾ sedgy plains expand;
On o'er the fairy region of Lough-lein—⁽²⁵⁾
So softly fair, so beautifully grand—
To silver Roughty⁽²⁶⁾ rolling to the main;
O'er billowy hills; to that lone promontory
Where frowns Dunboy⁽²⁷⁾ in unforgotten glory.

XVI.

The chief and clansman, linked by faster ties
Than vassal unto lord, here still survived;
Not bound by pact, but human sympathy;
Not framed by demi-god nor man-contrived;
As tender sapling reaches to the skies,
By gradual growth the system grew and lived—
The call to war was still by beacon-fire,
And bards attuned the chief's praise to the lyre.

XVII.

To sit and muse for one short passing hour
Amid the ruins of the great and strong;
To view the flickering beams of waning power,
The struggle vain that would its life prolong,
O'ercomes us like the clouds that sudden lower
On sun-lit glades we haply roam among.
Such ruin now McCaura Mor⁽²⁸⁾ appears
Wielding the sceptre of a thousand years.

XVIII.

Aye, every inch a king! by right of birth,
And popular choice, and reverence, and all
That gives to kingship and dominion worth,
A subject realm except, and power to call
His own, ought save the narrow scope of earth,
Where stood beside Lough-lein his wasted hall.
From Olliol Oillum flowed his pedigree,
And reigned his sires from Cashel to the sea.

XIX.

Did matchless grace of form suffice to make
Perpetual sunshine in the human breast,
To live beside the margin of the lake,
Beneath the shadow of the mountain crest,
In view of far-off lines of hills that take
Their color from the skies, his had been rest;
But pride and hate the fairy vision crossed,
And hope to win back what his sires had lost.

XX.

Holy the hour, and sweet the vesper chime
Which floats from Innisfallen's hallowed shore;
It fits not well with such a place and time
That James of Desmond meet M'Caura Mor,
Nor suits it with such sounds and scenes sublime
To con the double schemes of treason o'er;
Yet Norman traitor and the Irish chief
Here join in league for onset and relief.

XXI.

Upon a cliff, that bounds the island-shore
Fronting the east, an oratory stood,
Death's resting place—though there are wept no more
The loved and lost, you still may see the flood
Of moonlight from the oriel streaming o'er
The blended calm of tower and lake and wood—
'Twas to the precincts of this hallowed spot
The two at midnight hour repaired to plot.

XXII.

Thus met, they parted ere the tell-tale sun
Had pierced the vapour brooding o'er Lough-lein.
Quickly the knight the nearest main-land won,
And joined long tarrying there, his home-bound train.
M'Caura's skiff steered slowly for the Laune,
But 'ere he could the towers of Pailis⁽²⁹⁾ gain
He saw thrice outlined on the morning gray
The phantom horse and monarch of Ross Bay.⁽³⁰⁾

XXIII.

Now sudden blaze the signal fires on high,⁽³¹⁾
On Caran-tual's solitary cone,
On Barr-da-chi, Cappagh and Shronaboy,
Tomies, Glena, and red-haired Mangerton,
On Conoc-daöd close to famed Dunboy,
And north on Fierna's hill and Slievenamon;
East, west, north, south the flaming signal ran,
M'Caura's call to chieftain and to clan.

XXIV.

As clouds of locusts, warping on the air,
With pitchy darkness veil the face of heaven,
So thick the clansmen to their chiefs repair;
O'Donoghoe of Rosse,⁽³²⁾ and the O'Sullivan,
(He surnamed the great, and he of Bear)
With many a name that may not here be given;
All flocked in eager haste to soldier's duty,
To slay, and sack, and carry off all booty.

XXV.

They gathered round the castle of the isle,
Beneath the Norman banners and array,
Led by the caitiff Knight whose serpent guile
Had lured them on to plot against the sway
Of Desmond's noblest Earl; as he the while
In love's sweet dalliance passed the hours away.
Inchiquin, and Lixnaw, Butler, and Carew,
Your swords could find more knightly work to do!

XXVI.

It was not well with vassal 'gainst his lord,
To join in league, with uncle 'gainst his kin,
To grasp the hand of those you most abhorred
And make them mates in your unknighly sin;
M'Caura Mor the venture could afford
To wager life against the chance to win,
But you, base knights! the motives which impel
Are of that kind which turns the earth to hell.

XXVII.

The fear to raise a subject race; the lust
Of strong dominion; the politic need
To fetter those down-trampled in the dust;
The hope to gain more forfeit land; the greed
Of many seconds to pull down the first—
Hating the winner of the foremost meed—
Such are the spurs that men ambition call;
All would be kings where was no king at all.

XXVIII.

But thou, false traitor to thy brother's blood,
Degenerate scion of a hero-line,
Whose soul ne'er felt temptation to be good,
Nor golden bait did ever yet decline,
Nor ever softened to the melting mood
At pity's voice—the brand of Cain be thine!
Now sound the trump, march onward to Adare
Title and wealth await thy treason there.

XXIX.

O'er sweet Adare still reigns the lull of rest
From war's alarms at bidding of bright love;
The summer sun is hastening to the west
And feathered choirs make vocal all the grove;
The mallard skims the pool and laves his breast,
And not a breath the water-lilies move.
The silver Maigne to Shannon⁽³³⁾ brings its fee,
Which burnished Shannon forwards to the sea.

XXX.

Fair Catharine and the Earl, as though alone
In this wide world, along the margent green
Hold converse sweet; haply their talk was on
The dreamy past, or else it may have been
That they, intent on future good, now con
Some plan for working out the golden mean.
The while her hands from rose and shamrock twined
A crown wherewith her hero's brows to bind.

XXXI.

Alas! that angel fingers bind in vain
The peaceful wreath of rainbow-tinted flowers!
The demon discord breaks the silken chain
And scatters ruin through our summer bowers;
One ray of sun-light beamed, and now again
The welkin with the storm-cloud darkly lowers—
Who rides amain with speed of wingéd light
Horror in front and terror in his flight?

XXXII.

'Tis Donald Caura ! foster-brother he
Of Desmond's Earl, whom links of kin and clan
Bind not so fast as such fraternity ;
Mysterious power ! that fuses man with man,
The high with low, despite of pedigree,
As if the life-stream from one fountain ran.
" Arm ! Desmond, arm ! M'Caura Mor is near
Leagued with false James, and many a base compeer."

XXXIII.

He spoke and fell to earth with toil out-worn,
His spirit ebbing with the service done
To him for whom he had himself foresworn,
And stood an outcast in the world alone ;
Yet wholly deem not him in death forlorn,
Whose task was finished when the goal was won.
From Desmond's bosom broke one anguished sigh,
Then flashed the light of battle from his eye.

XXXIV.

Supreme in all, no doubt nor fond delay
Awaits his firm and prompt resolve to take
All ways and means to marshal his array,
And fortune, fame, dear life and all to stake
On bloodiest issue of the dire affray.
Quick o'er the hills and dales, o'er stream and lake
"Shannit aboo,"⁽³⁴⁾ the Desmond war-cry, rose,
Life to his friends, death-warrant to his foes.

XXXV.

The first to hear, and foremost to respond
To that familiar call, uprose the knight
Of Kerry, of the valley, and the blond
Surnamed, three pillars of the Desmond right.
De Courcy and Lord Barrymore, second
To none in championing intestine strife,
And deft Clanrickard in the rear from Connaught,
Captain of Kern, Gallowglass⁽³⁵⁾ and Bonaght.⁽³⁶⁾

XXXVI.

And Celtic chieftains summoned forth the masses
Who snuffed with joy the battle from afar,
McSweenys and McSheehys⁽³⁷⁾ with their gallow-glasses
And many a name renowned in native war,
Now full equipped with spears and battle-axes
Potent to cleave or hurtle through the air.
The chief strength lay, to fend off all alarms,
In English cross-bow men, and men-at-arms.

XXXVII.

A piece there was of field artillery,
A portent new that made the welkin rattle,
And sometimes scattered death and disarray
On its own side; each friend's or foeman's cattle
For food; and usquebaugh for revelry
And rousing fury in the hour of battle.
One passion fused the mixed host into one
Strong love for him whose cause was all their own.

XXXVIII.

Draw not aside the veil which hides the crown
Of sorrow piercing to the fresh quick blood,
When two young hearts that have together grown
Are torn apart when rapture's at the flood !
He donned his pluméd casque, his visor down
He drew ; pale, motionless and mute she stood,
The large round tear-drops gathered in her eye,
And coursed her marble face unconsciously.

XXXIX.

Wardens were set upon the castle wall,
Skilled archers proved in many a wasting raid ;
Then Garret next, the son of him men call
Nappagh,⁽³⁸⁾ on whose ripe head time gently laid
Her wasting hand, was placed as seneschal,
Fit to command who willingly obeyed,
And last, to guard against events untoward,
The fosse was brimmed and the portcullis lowered.

XL.

No need to tell of feats of high emprise,
And exploits done in fierce and horrid war;
Are they not written by the seannachies?
Are they not by tradition from afar
Brought molten down through living memories,
When blood runs rife and sweet homes ruined are?
The soldiers' deeds are in the roll of fame,
The peasants' wrongs are chronicled by name.

XLI.

There's not a hill without its coom or vale,
No stream without its ford or island-plain
That tells the dismal and unvarying tale
Of blanchéd bones and hecatombs of slain;
Though time and uncouth words now draw the veil
For summer-wand'ers o'er the ruddy stain;
Comara, Lissnafulla, Glenanair,⁽³⁹⁾
Are names that front them whereso'er they fare.

XLII.

But to our tale—behold each serried host
Through many a gorge and winding pass emerge
On that wide plain by Feal's bright waters crossed ;
Rank upon rank, they seem like surge on surge
When crested ocean is with tempest tossed.
Clanrickard with his men upon the verge
Of battle hung, as eager to espy
To which side turned the scales of victory.

XLIII.

The two hosts met. Nor did the caitiff knight,
Whose charge was o'er the castle of the isle,
Not feel dismay when burst upon his sight
The full opposed array, which file by file
Debouched, as one by one come stars by night,
Then fill the welkin with their mazy coil ;
For well he knew the power that did enshrine
In open war the matchless Geraldine.

XLIV.

Each battle frowns in terrible array—
On either wing the Irish clans apart,
Under their native chiefs scarce brook delay,
Like mettled coursers straining at the start;
Archers and squadrons bright are chiefest stay
Of either centre. Now to fire each heart
Sound the loud trump, advance the banners high,
Through every rank shout, "death or victory!"

XLV.

'Tis said that on that day ten thousand fell,
And mourning Feal ran ruddy with their gore;
If true the computation who can tell?
As all the records of our antient lore
Are seal'd books! the remnant fled pell-mell.
Two facts at least are certain, but no more;
McCaura fell, not knowing how to yield,
And fled false James to England from the field.

XLVI.

No more to battle or pursuit appealing,
The bugle note sounds truce and holy calm,
And Desmond's chief, the hero's soul revealing,
Poured on the scars of war the soothing balm,
That springing from the fount of human feeling
To giver or receiver leaves no qualm.
This dirge his people sang as forth they bore
McCaure homeward to the sweet-voiced shore.

Dirge.

MOURN not for him the royal chief
In glorious fight who joined the dead,
But raise the cry of wailing grief
For him, our father, friend, and head.

The comeliest youths of all the clan,
Sons of the mountain and the heath,
Shall lead the slow procession on,
With measured pace his bier beneath.

Then gently bear him to his rest
At Irrelagh,⁽³⁷⁾ beside the lough,
Where lonely herons build the nest,
And music echoes from the rock.

There oft the convent bells shall toll,
And flourish still the cloistered yew,
A requiem for the founder's soul,
A shade for whom at first it grew.

XLVII.

Mean-while the recreant knight his plaint preferred
To royal Henry's ear, and much abused
The absent earl; deep the royal bile he stirred
Against the hero-chief, whom he accused
Of treason, grand and petty, and averred
He aped the crown; in short such arts he used,
Appeals to pride, to passion, and to fears,
As set the ruled and rulers by the ears.

XLVIII.

While thus the hero soothed the lingering hour
Of pain and downfal to his baffled foe;
While thus the caitiff knight envoked a power
To whelm his kinsmen in one common woe;
Fair Catherine musing at her latticed bower
Warbled a ditty plaintive, soft and low;
The silver-winding Maigne enraptured heard,
And not a leaf in bosky bower was stirred.

Catherine's Song.

SWIFTLY rolls by the silvery mist
Before the wind,
Baring the lonely mountain crest
And the blue vault of heaven behind.
Thee may danger's cloud roll past,
Scattered far by thy trumpet blast,
Lord of thy kind!

Star-led by hope I see thee now
Scorning the foe;
Valor sits on thy crested brow
And death leaps down with every blow;
I see them all, the caitiff band,
Saxon, Norman, sons of the land,
Reel to and fro.

In the glass of far-reaching love
I see thee nigh!
Me not thy form or beauty move,
Nor the glance of thy laughing eye.
But for the soul that glances through
Eyes unfathomably blue,
I pine, I die!

Fear will ever the question start,
Why tarriest thou?
To live and dwell so long apart
Is breach of our unwritten vow.
I am alone—ah! so alone,
Heart soul and strength to thee are gone
Return them now!

XLIX.

Ere many moons had waned in heaven, the twain

Whom war had parted, near the silvery river
Spanned by the antique oak ford, met again,

Where Maigne rolled by, but love was knit for ever;
That true love knot the royal tyrant fain

Would now, as price of land and title, sever.
Then take them back and cease to call him earl,
He keeps them still in this his priceless pearl!

* * * * *

L.

Now many chequered years have passed away

Since they to exile wandered forth together,
And some, since he has clasped her lifeless clay;

But in the child he still adores the mother;
And when beside that child his footsteps stray

In waking dream across the mountain heather,
The shadowy form and wild enchanting strain
And love's first rapture visit him again.

NOTES.

NOTES.

1, Title.

"THE GERALDINE'S BRIDE."

THE tale is founded on the incident related at the opening of the introduction. No adherence to historical accuracy has been attempted in the details of the story. Whoever desires to see another version of the same incident may consult the sixth chapter of Dominick O'Daly's "The Rise, Increase and Exit, of the Geraldines, Earls of Desmond, and Palatines of Kerry," translated from the Latin by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, and also Smith's History of Kerry, p. 248. To the "Addenda to the Earls of Kildare," by the Marquis of Kildare, is attached a "Genealogical table showing the relationship of the Earls of Kildare and Desmond." One of the links in the Desmond pedigree is thus stated: "Obiit, 1420 Thomas sixth Earl married Catherine daughter of Wm. McCormack." With this entry all reference to the couple named, either in their proper persons, or to descendants, ceases. The Earl of Desmond herein named is the Geraldine of the tale, and his bride is Catherine McCormack.

2, p. 45.

“*Royal Desmond.*”

Desmond, *Deas Mumha*, South Munster—was the Southern part of the ancient province or kingdom of Munster. The eastern portion was called *Oir Mumha*, and the northern *Tuath Mumha*, east and north Munster, or *Anglice*, Ormond and Thomond respectively. Maurice Fitzgerald, the fifth in descent from the original invader, was created Earl of Desmond in 1329, by patent dated 27th August, 3 an. Edward III. By the same patent regal rights were granted to him in Kerry—part of Desmond—which was created a county Palatine. The extent of the possessions of this branch of the Geraldines may be judged from the fact that, on the death and attainder of the last Earl of Desmond in 1583, nearly one million statute acres of land became forfeited to the Crown. See Smith's History of Kerry, p. 238, et seq.

3, p. 49.

“*Sack, burn, and destroy.*”

These words, or words of a similar import, were reported in the newspapers of the day to have been signalled by Sir Charles Napier at the opening of the Crimean War to a squadron about to make an attack in the Baltic.

4, p. 50.

"The Saxon laws averred."

By the Statute of Kilkenny, ordinance second, given full in the introduction, marriage with one of the native race by a Norman, was made high treason.

5, p. 54.

"His palace high."

In placing the residence of the hero of the tale at Adare, it may be considered that considerable violence has been done to historical facts. The apology for doing so, is the name of the castle which is popularly known as Desmond castle, and the license accorded to works of fiction. In the beautiful work entitled *Memoirs of Adare Manor*, with historical notices of Adare by the Earl of Dunraven, the accomplished writer observes, p. 3: The ruins consist of a castle, a Trinitarian Friary, an Augustinian Friary, a Franciscan or Grey Friary, which last is situated in the demesne, and two small churches in the parish churchyard. At page 105 of the same work is a description of the "Castle of the Earls of Kildare, popularly called *Desmond Castle*." As these words are being written (7 Oct., 1871), the telegraph brings the mournful intelligence of the death at Malvern of the accomplished author of the above work.

6, p. 54.

“ Which sluggish winding Maigue.”

“The Maigue (on the authority of the Four Masters) is interpreted *an maig*, “river of the plain.” It bore the several epithets of “salmon-full,” “sluggish” and “of the beeves.” *Memorials of Adare Manor*, p. 233, n.

7, p. 55.

“ From Florence stamped as fair on every page.”

For the pedigree of the Geraldines, the reader is referred to “The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors” with the vol. of *Addenda* by the present Marquis of Kildare.

8, p. 58.

“ The Desmond ruled the land.”

The following extract is from Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. 2, p. 30 :—“Cork, before the arrival of the Strongbowian conquerors, was a kingdom of itself, the kings of which were the MacCartys ; that family being found in possession of it by the English. Diarmuid,

who was MacCarty Mor, king of Cork or Desmond, swore fealty, gave hostages, and subjected his kingdom to a yearly tribute to Henry II, in the year 1172. This kingdom comprehended all that tract of country from Lismore to Brandon hills in the county of Kerry. Besides the county of Cork and the western parts of Waterford, it also comprehended another county formerly called Desmond, which county being now a part of Cork and Kerry, it may not be amiss to mention its extent. It was divided into three tracts : 1st. Clancare, which lay next the sea, between the bay of Dingle and Kenmare river. 2nd. Bear, lying between that river and Bantry. And 3rd, Iveragh, situated between Bantry and Baltimore. There was also another part of it which lay near the Shannon, being the small barony of Iraghticonnor."

9, p. 58.

"Where Caura fixed the seat."

Saint Carthach (pronounced as in text Caura) founded a celebrated school and university at Lismore, to which students flocked, both from the neighbouring and remote countries, in 633. See Smith's History of Waterford, p. 52, and Four Masters, voce Liosmore.

10, p. 58.

"Avonmore."

The ancient name of the Blackwater.

11, p. 58.

"Prophetic Brandon."

Giraldus Cambrensis writing in 1186, makes merry at the wonderful voyage of St. Brandon, which lasted seven years, p. 103, Bohn's edition. We, however, at the present, are inclined to take a less credulous tone with regard to the tradition which attributes to the saint the discovery of a great western continent nearly a thousand years before Columbus conjectured its existence. See and read the *Voyage of St. Brandon*, by Denis Florence McCarthy.

12, p. 59.

"Thy towers, Lismore, Boyle lights with later ray."

Here was born the celebrated philosopher, Boyle, whose portrait is hung up in the dining hall at Lismore Castle. The following biographical notice of this illustrious man will not be unacceptable.

"Robert Boyle, son of Richard, known as the great Earl of Cork, was a very distinguished Inquirer of the

17th century. He was born at Lismore in 1626, the year of Lord Bacon's death, and died in London in 1691. Boyle was an able and sedulous investigator of nature by experiment, and he contributed much to many branches of Physics, Optics, Pneumatics, Natural History, Chemistry and Medicine ; Pneumatics probably gaining most from his researches. He was one of the foremost of those illustrious men who founded the Royal Society in 1645, for the purpose of improving experimental knowledge on the plan laid down by Bacon. Boyle's mind was essentially reverential, and he wrote largely on religious topics. He founded a Lectureship at Oxford, which has produced a number of valuable works on the being and attributes of God." *Cyclopædia of Biography*, edited by Elihu Rich, 1854.

13, p. 60.

"The Desmond ruled the land with sovereign rights."

Allusion is here made to the Palatinate jurisdiction conferred on the Earl of Desmond and his heirs by patent of Edward III. in 1329, which contains among other the following words:—"Et nos contemplatione premissorum dedimus, concessimus, et hac charta nostra confirmavimus eidem comiti omnes regales libertates quas

habuimus in comitatu Kerry," &c. See for a full and excellent description of the Irish Palatinates, Smith's History of Kerry, p. 238 et seq. in notes.

14, p. 60.

"He dubbed him Knights."

Describing the regal powers of the Lords Palatine, Smith says, "They could make tenures in *capite*, and create barons. Thus the Palatines of Chester created the barons of Haulton, &c. But to descend nearer home . . . the Earls of Desmond had their knights, those of the glen and valley, besides the baron of Ballyhealy, in Kerry, the baron of the island, &c. See Smith's Kerry, p. 241, n.

The knights named are descendants of John Fitzgerald (3rd in descent from the original invader, Maurice), and Honora O'Connor, his second wife. See pedigree in Marquis of Kildare's Addenda.

15, p. 63.

"Music's saddest strains."

Giraldus Cambrensis, at page 126, Bohn's edition, says :—"The only thing to which I find that this people apply a commendable industry is playing upon musical

instruments ; in which they are incomparably more skilful than any nation I have ever seen." When Giraldus writes in praise of the Irish, his word may be implicitly relied on. Generally speaking, he adopts the practice of the caricaturist in his work on Ireland.

16, p. 63.

"Rapture in the chase."

At page 165 of his *Antiquities*, Ware says :—"I shall but just hint at the eagerness of the Irish in the chase, as in the hunting of wolves and stags."

17, p. 64.

"More Irish than the Irish."

In reading the ancient annals and records of Ireland it is difficult to resist the impression that the Irish must be a very mixed race. The original stock or substratum of the population must have had a wonderful power of assimilating invading races. The collection of ancient laws called *Seannchus Mor*, and the Book of Rights teem with allusions, often indirect, to subject and ascendant races. One great and pervading division of the people was into the *Saer* and *Daer* Clanna, or, according to O'Donovan's translation, into the unfree and noble tribes. A most remarkable revolution took place in Ireland about the

tenth year of the Christian era, caused by the rebellion of the subject races against the superior, and which proved successful. It is generally written of as the rebellion of the Attacotti, a barbarous latinism, imitative of the Irish appellation. There was no period in the recorded history of the country from a time long before the Christian era, when there were not Galls or foreigners to be combated. There is little doubt but that the English and Normans would have been absorbed, as other races have been, but for the stringent measures taken to prevent it, and the facility with which fresh invaders were poured into the country, when the old supply had become assimilated.

18, p. 65.

“ Oak-ford by the river.”

Allusion here is made to Adare, which is interpreted Oak-ford.

19, p. 67.

*“ Which spoilers’ hand may now no more efface
Since fenced with something of a lover’s care.”*

It is unnecessary to say that these lines allude to the late Earl of Dunraven, whose lamented death occurred whilst they are passing through the press. His beautiful

historical notes on Adare will long remain a record of his literary taste, as will the care and munificence in fencing round the magnificent ruins of Adare attest his culture and patriotism.

20, p. 69.

“Hounds and hawks.”

“I must here take notice of those hounds, which, from their hunting of wolves, are commonly called wolf dogs, being creatures of great strength and size, and of a fine shape. The Irish wolf-dog has been thought a valuable present to the greatest monarch, and is sought after and sent abroad to all quarters of the world. When Sir Thomas Rowe was ambassador to the Great Mogul, in 1615, that Emperor desired him to send for some Irish grey-hounds as the most welcome presents he could make him. We see in the public records an earlier instance of the desire foreigners have had for hawks and wolf-dogs of Irish growth, in a privy seal from Henry VIII. to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland, wherein his Majesty takes notice “that at the instant suit of Alberkyrke, of Spain, that it might please his majesty to grant to the said marquis and his son, and the longer liver of them, yearly out of Ireland, two goshawks and four

greyhounds, his majesty commands the deputy to take order for the delivery of the said hawks and greyhounds"—*Ware's Antiquities*, p. 166.

In Giraldus Cambrensis we read, "This country produces in greater numbers than any other, hawks, falcons and sparrow-hawks."—Bohn's edition, p. 26.

In that most remarkable book and storehouse of precious lore, Dr. O'Donovan's translation of the "Book of Rights," we find that constantly a part of the tribute from a subordinate chief to his head and vice-versa, consisted of hounds. Thus, to take an instance at random, the king of Cashel was bound yearly to deliver to the chief of Muscridhe (Muskerry)

Seven steeds, seven red tunics,
Seven hounds for the purposes of the chase, etc.

Leabhar-na-g-ceart (Book of Rights), p. 75.

21, p. 70.

"*The Dane.*"

It is astonishing how little outward and visible signs, the Danes have left upon the country, considering the length of time during which they held the position if not of a conquering, at least of an ascendant race. In our ancient records they are invariably styled "Gail," a

a name afterwards transferred to the Norman and Saxon. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note, p. 51, contained in his translation of the Book of Rights, says—"the first people to whom the Irish applied the term (Gaill) were a colony of Galli from the coast of France, who settled in Ireland, tempore Labhra Loing seach, A. M. 3682. It afterwards came to signify any invaders, but it was usually applied before 1172 to the Norwegians etc., who first began to infest the coasts of Ireland in the year 795." These Danes, Norwegians, or Ostmen, built Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Limerick, and they modified the names of three out of our four provinces. For instance by them Mumha was converted into Munster, Laighen into Leinster, and Ulladh into Ulster, the termination *ster* being the equivalent for the Scandinavian word *stader*, signifying a place. See Joyce's Irish Names of Places, p. 104.

22, p. 72.

"Carew the lord of mark and mere."

The Carews were styled Marquises of Cork, see Smith's Cork, p. 53, see also Pacata Hibernia, voce *Doonemark*, where Sir G. Carew, Earl of Totness, states that the old castle of Doonemark, at the eastern end of

Bantry Bay, was built by his ancestor and was christened by the natives Dunemark, or the Marquis his house.

23, p. 73.

" The Castle of the isle."

Now Castleisland, where once stood a castle one of the chief strongholds and a principal residence of the Earls of Desmond. It was situated within six miles of Tralee and fourteen of Killarney or Lough-lein. Anciently it was surrounded by the river Maine, there an insignificant stream, and hence its name.

24, p. 74.

" Slieve Luachra."

Or the rushy mountain. It extends from King-Williamstown in the county of Cork, in a western direction beyond Castleisland. The name is of frequent occurrence in our ancient annals and is familiar to the present generation.

25, p 74.

“ Loch-lein.”

The celebrated Lakes of Killarney. “The heroes of Loch-lein” are frequently mentioned in the Book of Rights.

26, p 74.

“ To silver Roughty.”

A mountain torrent flowing into the river Kenmare, from which the barony of Glenarought takes its name.

27, p. 74.

“ Where frowns Dunboy in unforgotten glory.”

Allusion is here made to the famous siege of Dunboy Castle, situated on the northern promontory bounding Bantry Bay, the details of which are given by Sir G. Carew in *Pacata Hibernia*.

28, p. 75.

“ MacCaura Mor.”

This name has been spelled as it is pronounced in Irish. It is better known, however, as McCarthy Mor.

The chieftain so named, was king of Cork or Desmond, at the time of the Norman invasion in 1172. See the passage from Smith's History of Cork, referred to in a previous note. He was descended from Oillioll Ollum, King of Munster, who died, according to the Four Masters, in 234. The following interesting note is from O'Donovan's Book of Rights, p. 72. "According to the will of Oillioll Ollum, the kings of Caiseal were to be alternately elected from the descendants of his sons, Eoghan Mor, and Cormac Cas. In the early ages the stock of Mac Carthaigh (the Mac Carthys), O'Ceallachain (the O'Callaghans), and O'Donnchadhu (the O'Donoghoes) were the chiefs of Eoghanacht Chaisil ; but immediately before the English invasion, the tribe of MacCartaigh were by far the most powerful of all the Eogonachts. Dr. O'Brien says that the O'Donoghoes of Eoghanacht Chaisil were of a different stock from those of Loch-lein ; but in this he is undoubtedly mistaken, for the family of O'Donnchadha (O'Donoghoe) of Loch-lein, were the most royal family of that name in Munster, for their ancestor Dubh-da-bhoireann, who was slain in 957, was King of Munster, and his son Domhnall commanded the forces of South Munster at the battle of Clontarf in 1014," p. 72, n. Book of Rights.

The term Eogonacht which so often occurs in the foregoing extract, originally signified the descendants of

Eoghan Mor, the son of Oillioll Ollum, and was afterwards applied to the territory occupied by them. Thus the territory round Cashel occupied by them, was called Eoganacht Caisil, that occupied by them at Killarney, including the lakes, was called Eogonacht Loch-lein.

29, p. 78.

"Pailis."

The name of Mac Carthy Mor's Castle situated at the lower end of Lough-lein. The word *Pailis* generally signifies a fort frequented by Fairies.

Four Masters, ann. 1510 and 1514.

"Phantom horse."

30, p. 78.

Allusion is here made to the well known legend of the apparition of O'Donoghue's white horse, which by some authorities is held to bode misfortune to the person seeing it.

31, p. 78.

“ Now sudden blaze.”

The names mentioned in this stanza, are those of well-known mountains, all but three in the neighbourhood of Killarney. Caran-tual is the highest in Ireland, and signifies, (the writer thinks) an inverted jaw-bone. Barr-da-chi, literally the tops of the two breasts, are the well-known pap mountains. Cappagh and Shronaboy are on the shores of the beautiful Loch Guittane Lake, near Mangerton, a lake remarkable for the quantity of trout in its waters. Tomies derives its name from two tumuli still in preservation on the top. “Red-haired” is the epithet applied to Mangerton in the historic tale known as the battle of Magh Leana. Conoc Daōd is the Irish name by which Hungry Hill, at the northern extremity of Bantry Bay, is known. The name of the mountain was angry hill, but by corruption it became *hungry*. The Irish name signifies the hill of anger or exasperation. Fiernas hill is within 7 or 8 miles of Croom. The writer has seen the Kerry Paps, distant about 60 miles, from its summit. Its name signifies the hill of truth. Joyce, 349.

32, p. 79.

“ O'Donoghoe of Ross and the O'Sullivan.”

The following interesting particulars are given by O'Donovan in a note to the Book of Rights, p. 47. Corea Duibhne is a large territory in Kerry, once belonged to the families of O'Falveys, O'Sheas, and O'Connells. Shortly anterior to the English invasion, O'Falvey possessed the barony of Corcaguiny, O'Shea that of Iveragh, and O'Connell that of Magunihy; but about the middle of the 11th century, the O'Donoghoes settled in Magunihy, and drove the O'Connell's westward into Iveragh, where they were seated at Ballycarbery, near Cahirciveen. After the English invasion about 1192, the families of O'Sullivan and Mac Carthy who had been previously seated in the great plain of Munster were driven by the English into Kerry, and then those baronies were seized upon by the Mac Carthys and O'Sullivans.

33, p. 81.

“ To Shannon.”

The Maigne flows into the Shannon.

34, p. 84.

"Shanit aboo."

"The ancient war-cry of the Geraldines of Kildare was "Crom-a-boo," and that of the Desmond branch Shanit-a-boo. . . . Croom and Shanid were two castles about 16 miles apart in the County of Limerick, the ruins of which still remain; in 1495 the Act of 10th Henry 7th, c. 20, was passed "to abolish the words Crom-a-boo and Butler-a-boo." Marquis of Kildare, p. 20. The village of Shanna-golden still preserves the name of Shanit.

35, p. 84.

"Kerns and Gallowglasses"

"The Irish of the middle ages employed two sorts of foot-soldiers; one called Gallowglasses, armed with an iron head-piece, and a coat of defence stuck with iron nails, wearing a long sword by their sides, and bearing in one hand a broad axe with an extreme keen edge, after the manner of those ancient Gauls whom Marcellinus mentions. The second kind of foot, who were light-armed foot, called by Henry of Marlborough

Turbiculi ; but their common name was Kerns. They wore head-pieces, fought with darts and javelins, to which a thong was fastened, swords and knives, or skeyns."—Wares Antiquities, p. 161.

Shakspeare makes mention of them :—

A puissant and mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.

Henry VI., Part 2, iv. 9.

36, p. 84.

“ *Bonaght.* ”

“ The Earl introduced the old Irish exaction of “ Bonaght ” called by the English coin and livery, i. e., money and food for man and horse without payment.” Marquis of Kildare, p. 30. The word is used in the text to signify hired soldier.

37, p. 85.

“ *Mac Sweenys and Mac Sheehys.* ”

Spencer relates that it was reported that the Mac Sweenys and Mac Sheehys were anciently English, and old followers of the Earl of Desmond. Spencer, p. 108.

38, p. 86.

“ *Appagh.*”

A tradition exists that Thomas Fitz Maurice, ancestor of both branches of the Geraldine family, was saved from destruction by the intervention of an ape, on the occasion of a fire or some other alarm at Tralee. Others again refer the tradition to the Castle of Woodstock, near Athy. Hence the nick-name An Appagh (of the ape). Marquis of Kildare, p. 20.

39, p. 87.

“ *Coomara, Lisnafulla, Glenanair.*”

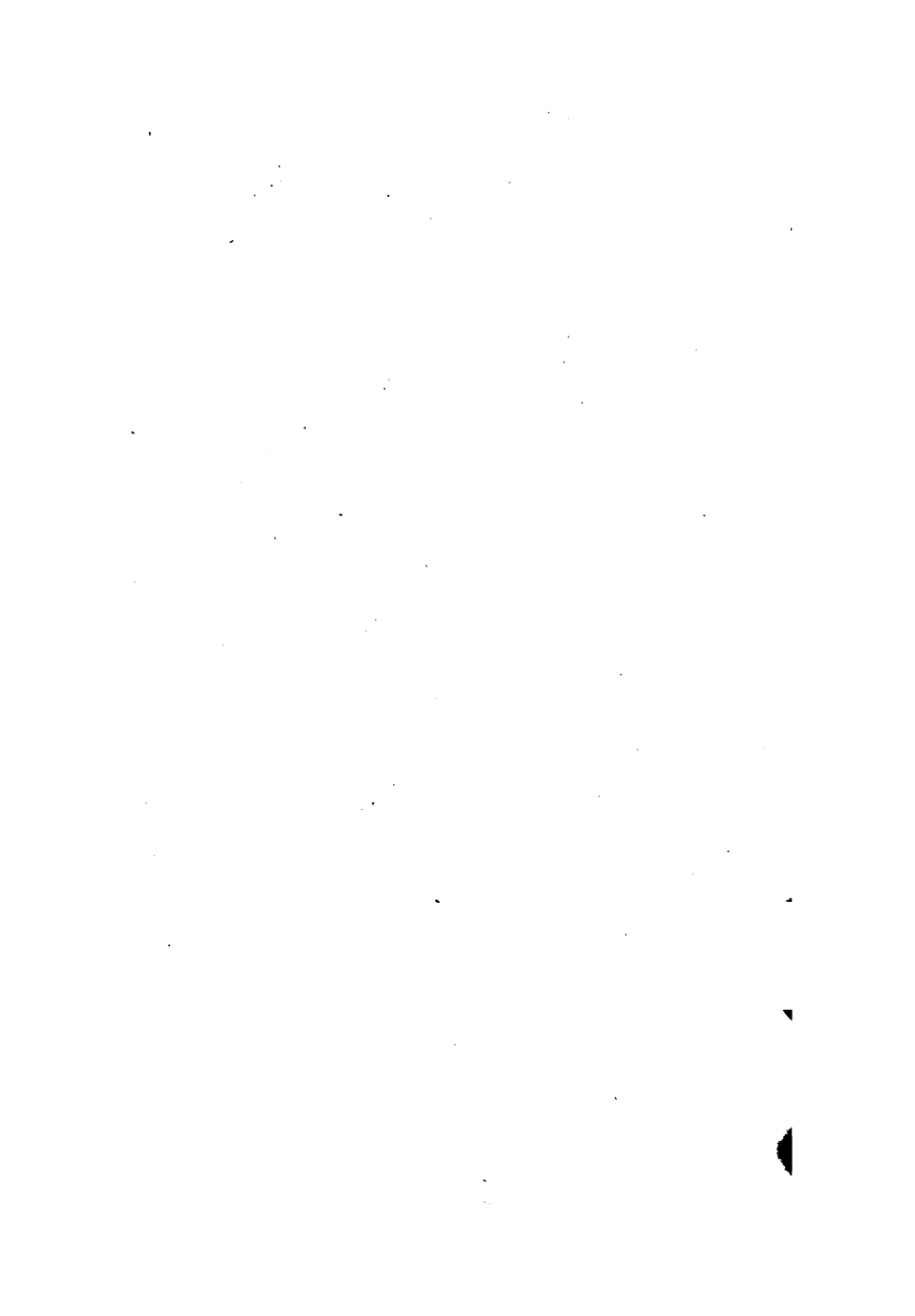
These are well known localities in the south of Ireland. Coomara is the vale of slaughter, from *ar* slaughter; Lisnafulla is the fort of blood, from *fuil* (blood); and Glenanair is the valley of slaughter, again from *ar* slaughter. See Joyce, p. 108. Every great family had its Seannachie or historian to record the achievements of the race.

40, p. 91.

"At Irrelagh."

Now Mucross Abbey ; it was built by M'Carthy Mor in 1340. The legend respecting its construction on the rock of music is too well known to need repetition. The yew tree which overshadows the cloisters is the most remarkable of its kind in Ireland. The heron frequents the precincts of the Abbey and there builds its nest in the tops of the surrounding trees.





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